

SPAWN



Capullo D.
McFarlane



96 | RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

DEDICATED TO
DEAN VALENTINE

PLOT
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TODD McFARLANE

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SPAWN 95 SUMMARY

While Spawn and the ghost of Al Simmons confer in the cemetery, two demons inhabit the bodies of two car accident victims. They walk to the nearest diner where they carry out their earthly mission to kill 13 innocent people and then burn their bodies in a sacrificial circle. Spawn senses the evil vibes and goes to the burning hilltop to investigate. There, he is confronted by the ancient and powerful, dark god, Urizen.

I'M
GOING TO
TRY AND
KEEP THIS
SIMPLE.

YOU
KNOW
ALL THE
BASICS,
RIGHT?

HEAVEN,
HELL,
ETERNAL WAR
FOR THE SOULS
OF HUMANITY,
BLAH, BLAH,
BLAH.

BUT, THING IS, THERE'S
RULES, 'CAUSE... WELL, THERE
JUST ARE. SPHERES OF INFLUENCE.
RULES OF ENGAGEMENT.

NEITHER SIDE
CAN MAKE A
MAJOR MOVE
WITHOUT A PROPOR-
TIONATE RESPONSE
FROM THE OTHER.
LITTLE STUFF IS COOL.
MINOR MIRACLES,
THE ODD
POSSESSION...

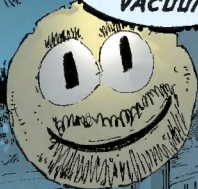
BUT
WITH THE
BIG STUFF,
WE'RE TALKING
TROUBLE.

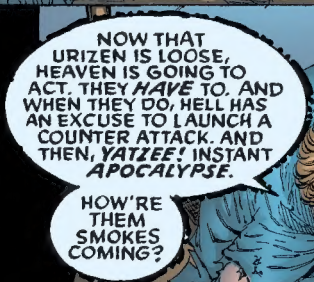
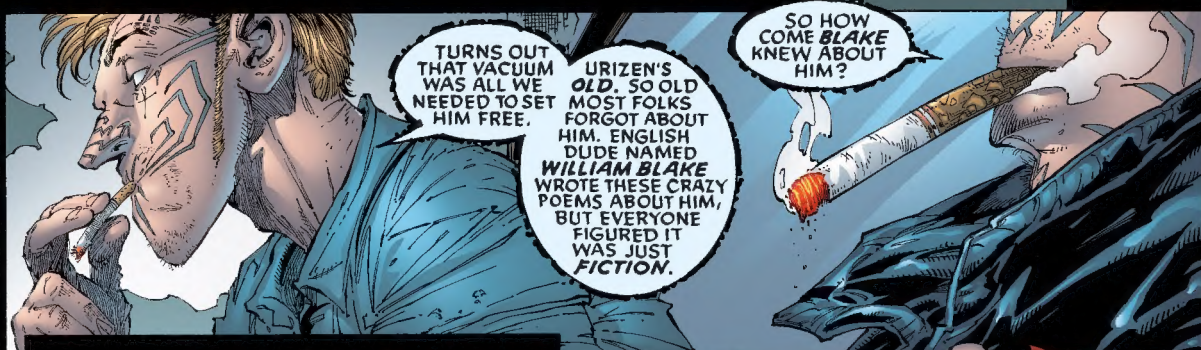
COSMIC
COLD WAR. I
CAN DIG IT.


NOW LAST YEAR,
THE HELLSPAWN THREW
A GREAT, BIG, APE-SIZED
MONKEY WRENCH INTO THE
MIX. NO ONE'S EXACTLY
CLEAR ON WHAT HE DID
OR HOW HE DID IT. 'S'ALL
A BIG MYSTERY.

BUT HE PULLED
A **HOUDINI**. TOOK
HIMSELF OFF THE
GAME BOARD.
CREATED A
VACUUM.

WHICH
BRINGS
US TO
URIZEN.





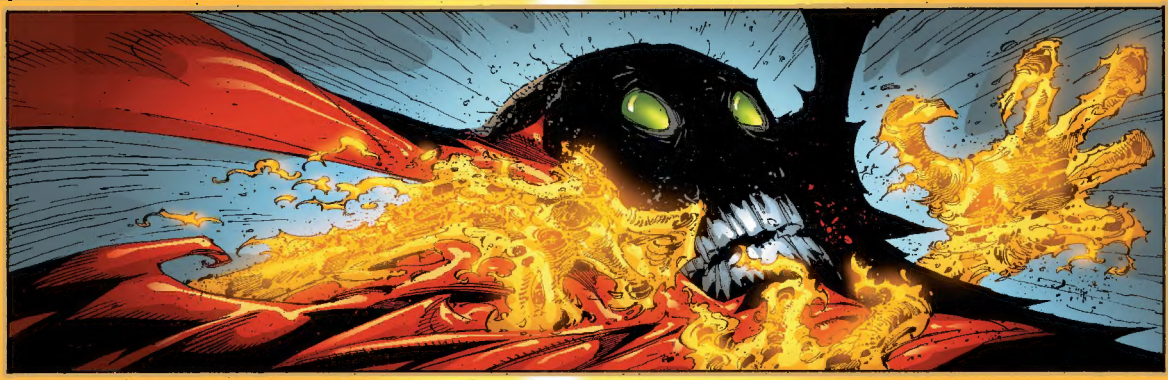


"SPAWNY?
YOU ASK ME,
SUCKER'S
DEAD
MEAT."

FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN:

"Lo, a shadow of horror is risen
in Eternity! Unknown,
unprolific! Self-clos'd, all-
repelling: What Demon hath
formed this abominable void,
this soul-shudd'ring vacuum?
Some said, 'IT IS URIZEN.'"

SPAWN MOVES,
SPED BY INSTINCT
AND DREAD.



FROM THE
DARKNESS,
A HILL OF
BONES
AND FIRE
RISES TO
MEET HIM.

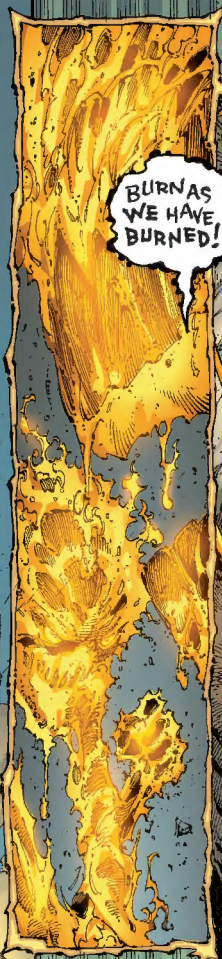
DEAD
THING!
YOU BELONG
WITH US!

BURN,
DEAD
THING!

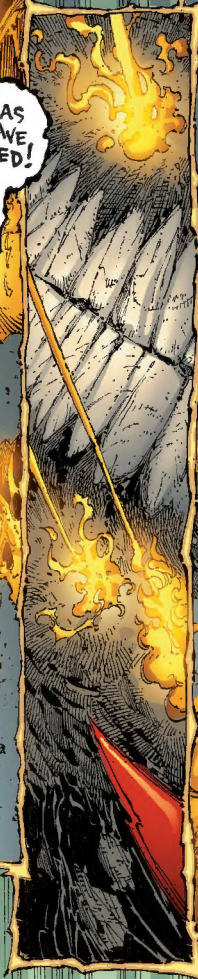
YOU
BELONG
WITH
US!

THIRTEEN BURNING
CORPSES CLUTCHING
FURIOUSLY AT THE
SOLDIER OF THE
NIGHT.

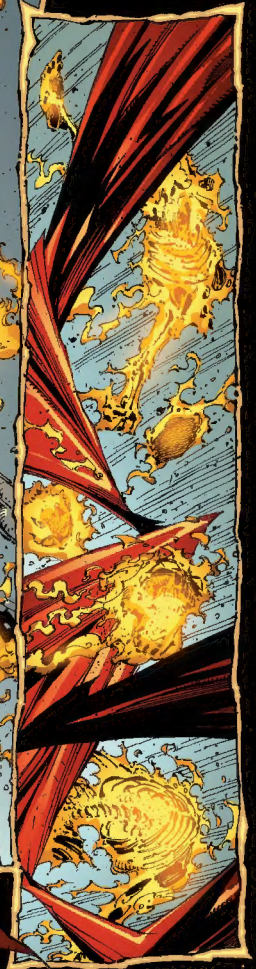




BURNAS
WE HAVE
BURNED!



BURN--



Now...



YOU
AND
ME...

URIZEN LOOMS
LIKE A SHADOW
COME TO LIFE, A
BEING CARVED OF
PURE MIDNIGHT.



THEY COLLIDE LIKE
STORM FRONTS,
A WHIRLWIND OF
CRIMSON AND ONYX.




AAAGH!



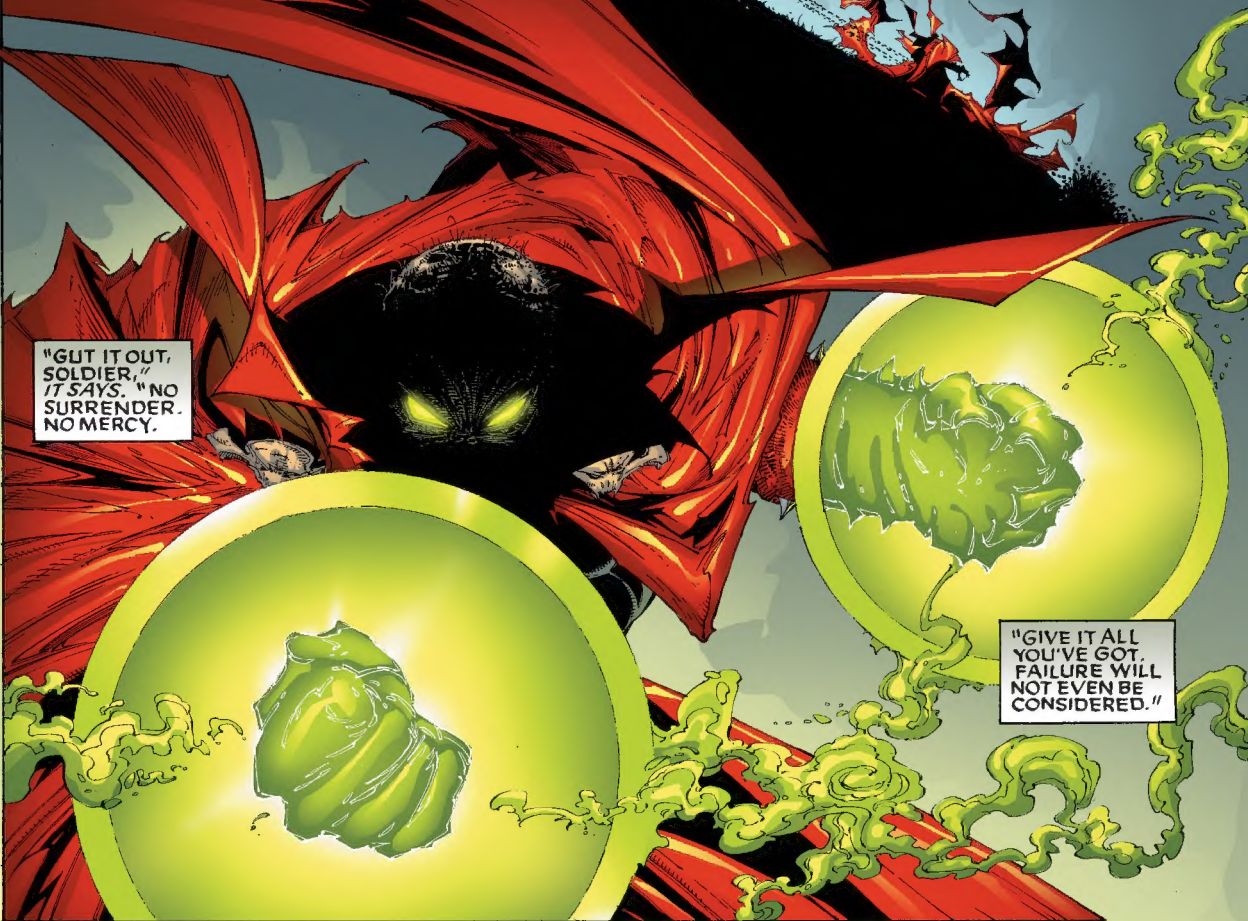
THE EARTH
TREMBLES.



THE AIR, THE TREES, THE
VERY STONES THEMSELVES
SHUDDER AT URIZEN'S
BANEFUL STARE.



THROUGH
THE PAIN,
SPAWN CAN
HEAR A
VOICE IN
THE BACK
OF HIS MIND.



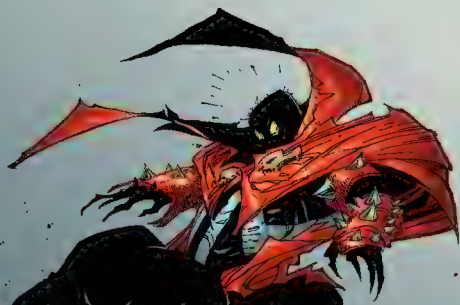
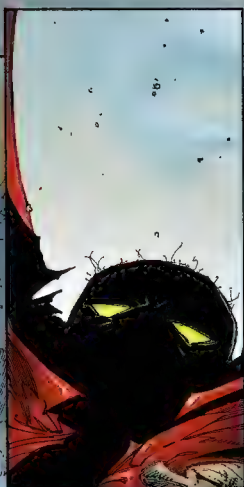
"GUT IT OUT,
SOLDIER,"
IT SAYS. "NO
SURRENDER.
NO MERCY."

"GIVE IT ALL
YOU'VE GOT.
FAILURE WILL
NOT EVEN BE
CONSIDERED."

TELL
WHOEVER
SENT
YOU...

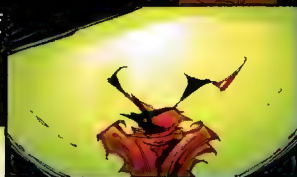
ROCKY'S
ROADSIDE
DINER

...THIS
WORLD
IS UNDER
MY
WATCH.



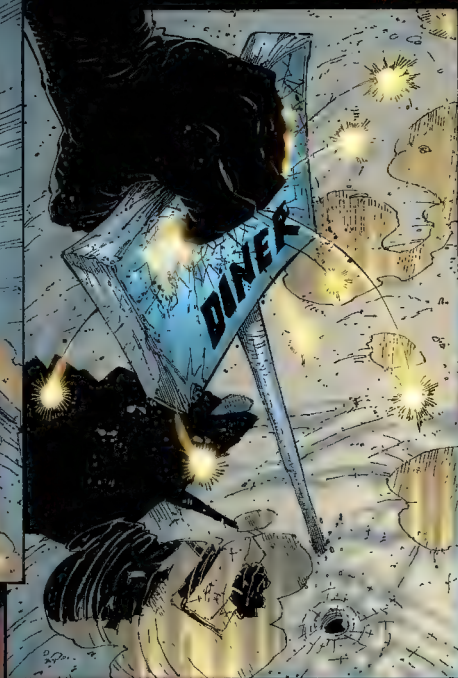
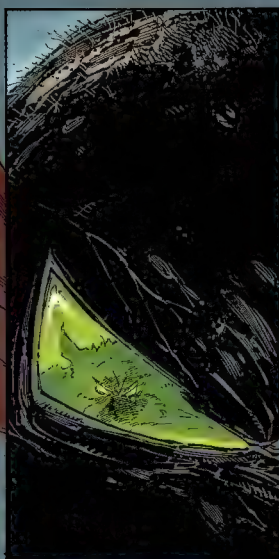
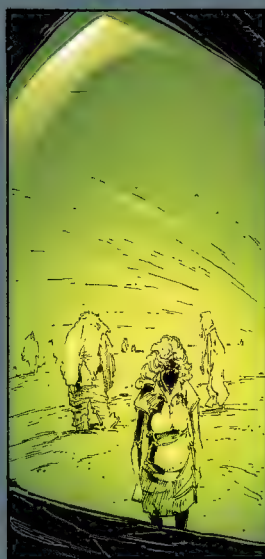
SPAWN REELS IN THE
GRIP OF THE DARK
COLOSSUS, TERROR
BLAZING DOWN HIS
SPINE.

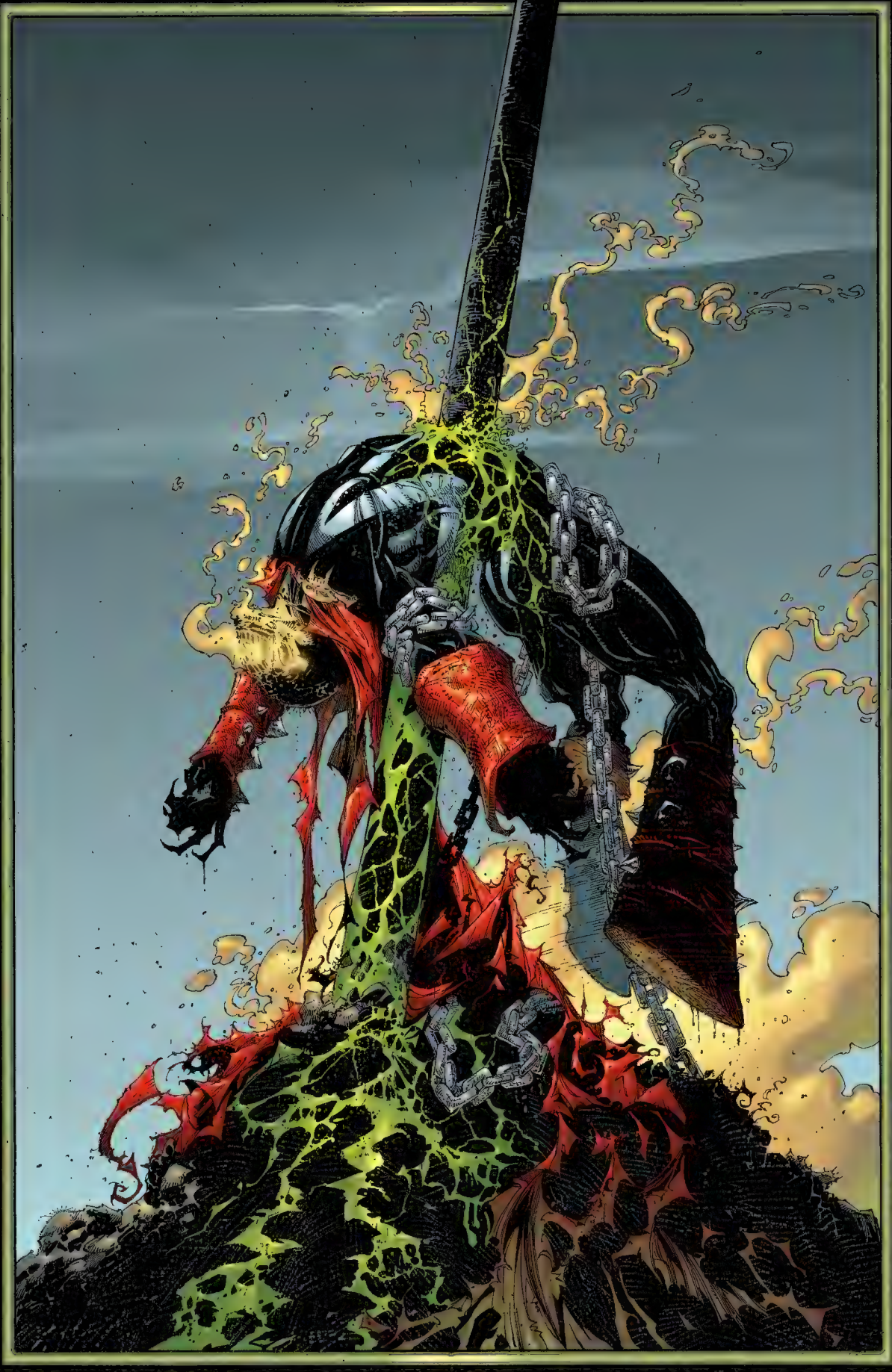
IN THE
ABYSS OF
URIZEN'S
EYES,
SPAWN
SEES A
WORLD.



LIFELESS...
DEATHLESS...
DREAMLESS...
SOUL-LESS...

AN ENDLESS
GREY REALM
OF DESPAIR.





*"Times on times he
divided, & measur'd
Space by space in his
ninefold darkness..."*



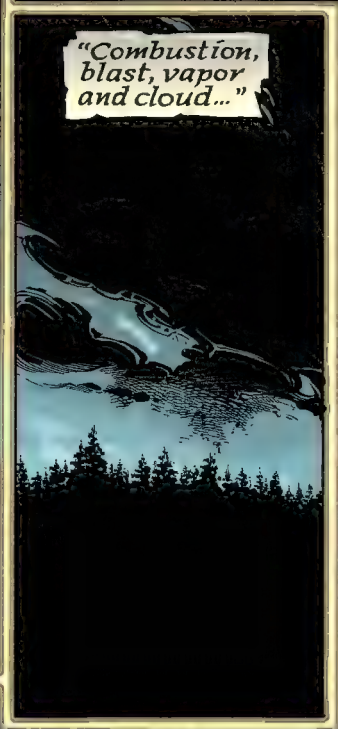
*"For he strove in
battles dire,
In unseen conflic-
tions with shapes..."*



*"Bred from his
forsaken wilderness,
Of beast, bird, fish,
serpent & element..."*



*"Combustion,
blast, vapor
and cloud..."*



WANDA
SLEEPS.

SAFE AND CONTENTED,
SHE DREAMS OF THE
CHILD THAT GROWS IN
HER BELLY.

WILL IT BE
A BOY OR
A GIRL, SHE
WONDERS.

SHE'S
ALREADY
IN LOVE
WITH IT.

WHAT WILL
IT LOOK LIKE?
HOW WILL ITS
LAUGH SOUND?
SO MANY
QUESTIONS.

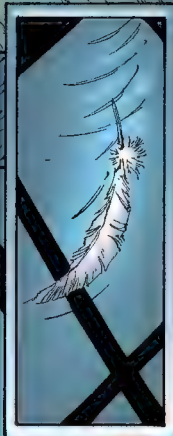
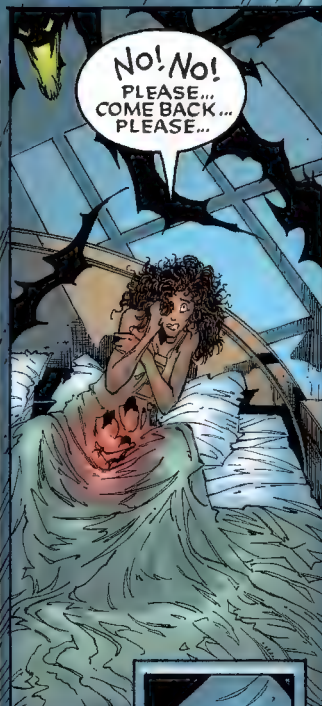
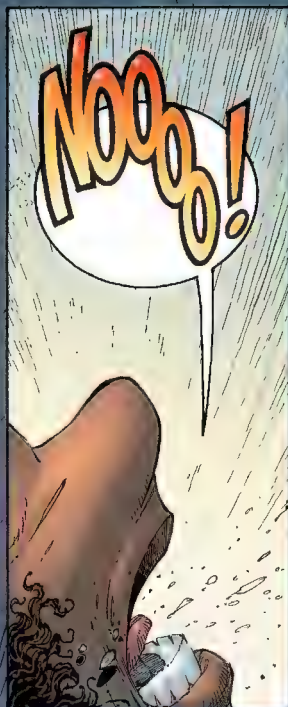
SHE CAN'T
WAIT TO
FIND OUT.

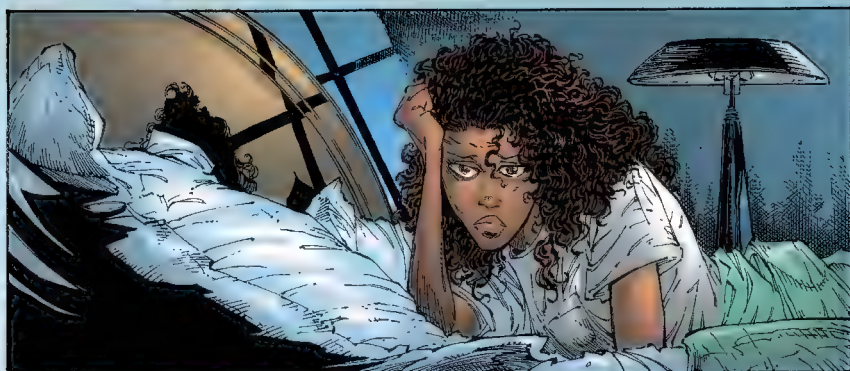
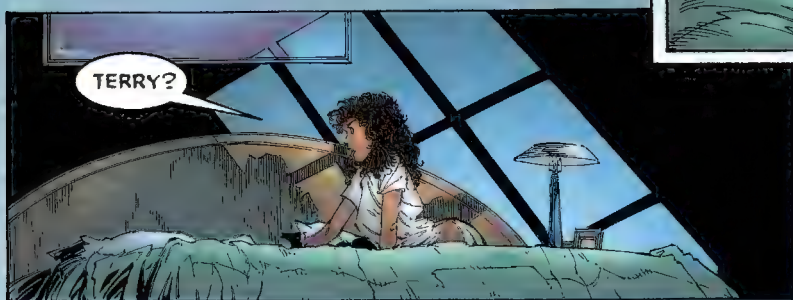
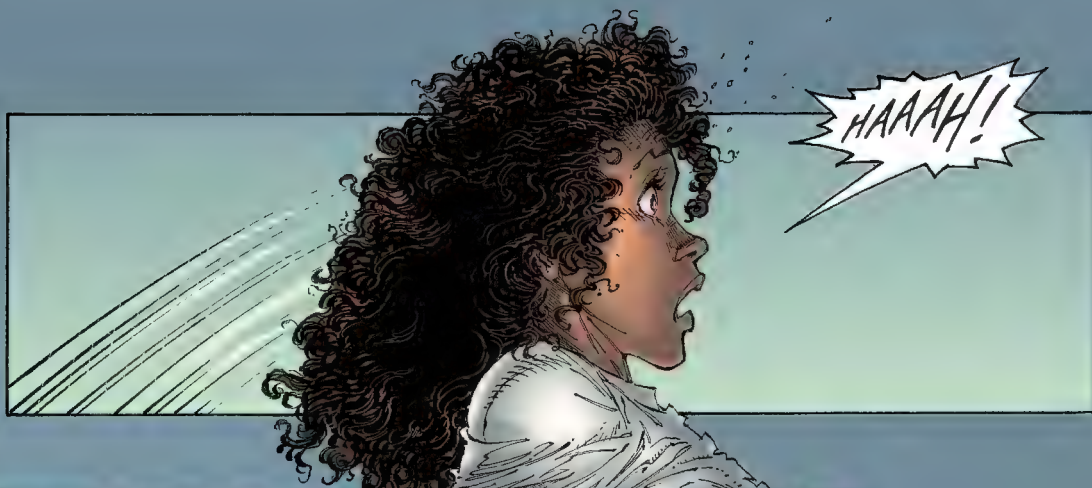
ANY DAY NOW.

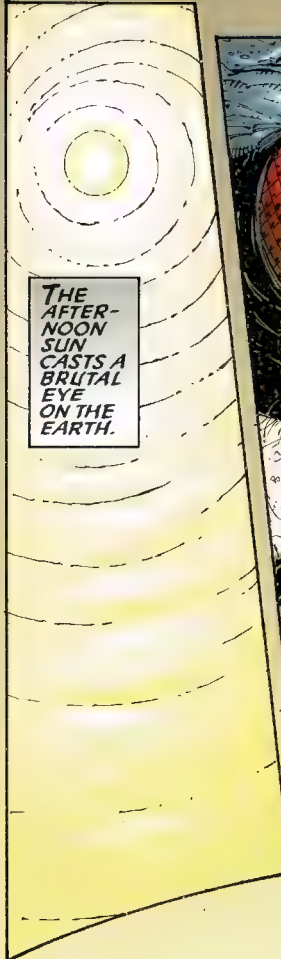
ANY
MINUTE.

Uhh...
aaaah...

AND THEN
THE NIGHT
EXPLODES...








THE
AFTER-
NOON
SUN
CASTS A
BRUTAL
EYE
ON THE
EARTH.




FLIES
SWARM,
DANCING
ZIGZAG
PATTERNS
IN THE
FETID
HEAT.



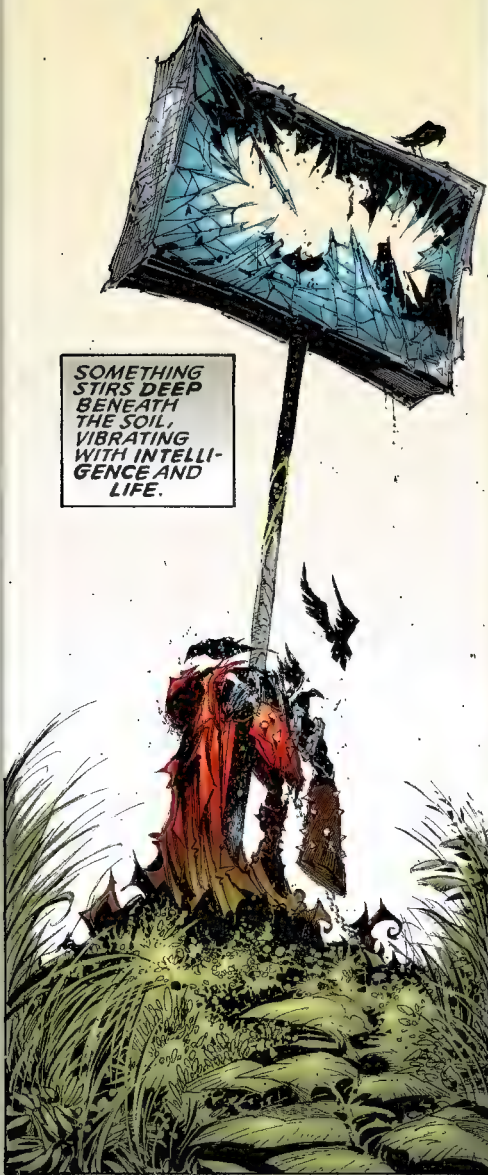
THE AIR STINKS
OF DECAY AND
ROTTING MEAT.



BIRDS
ARRIVE
BY TWOS
AND
THREES...



PICKING
AT TENDER
MORSELS
OF FLESH,
FEASTING
UPON THE
BONES OF
THE FALLEN.

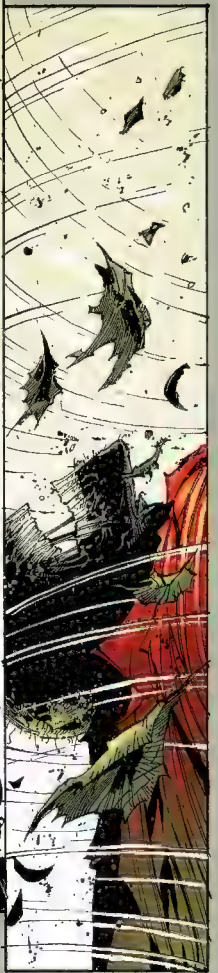
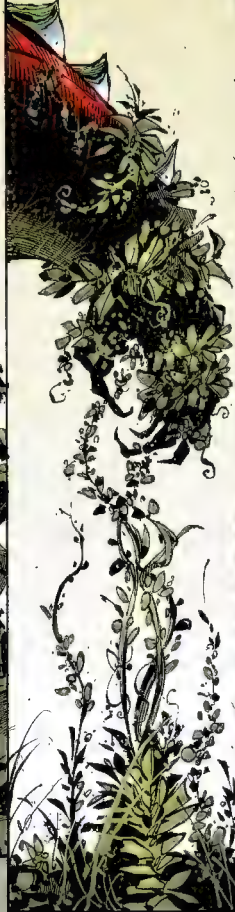


SOMETHING
STIRS DEEP
BENEATH
THE SOIL,
VIBRATING
WITH INTELLI-
GENCE AND
LIFE.

PUSHING
SLOWLY
THROUGH
THE DIRT...



REACHING
UPWARD
WITH
SLENDER
GREEN
FINGERS...

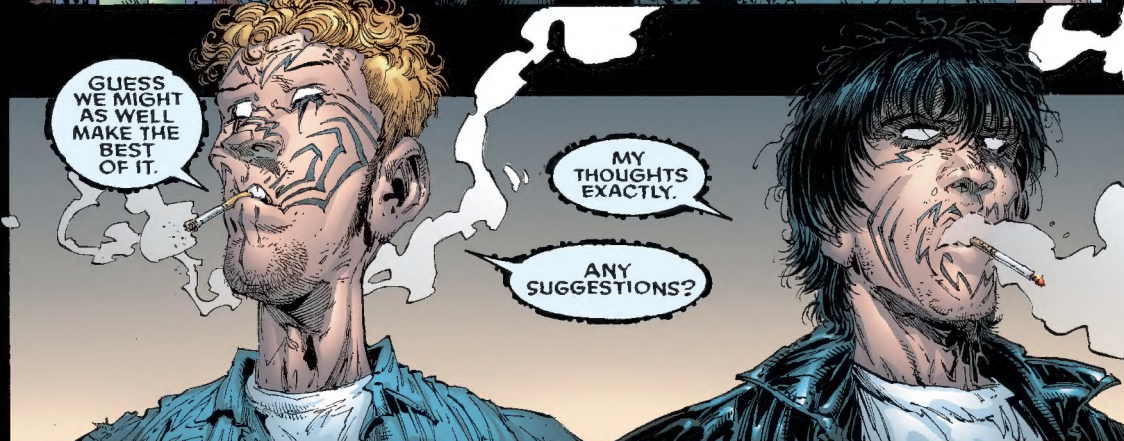
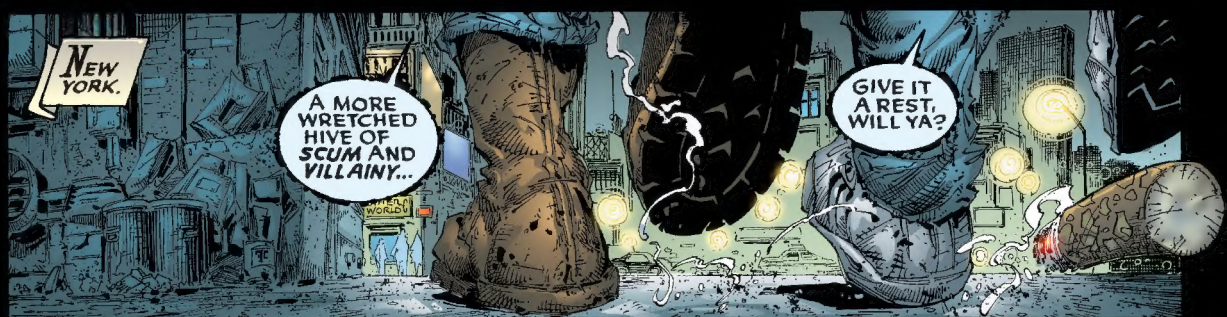


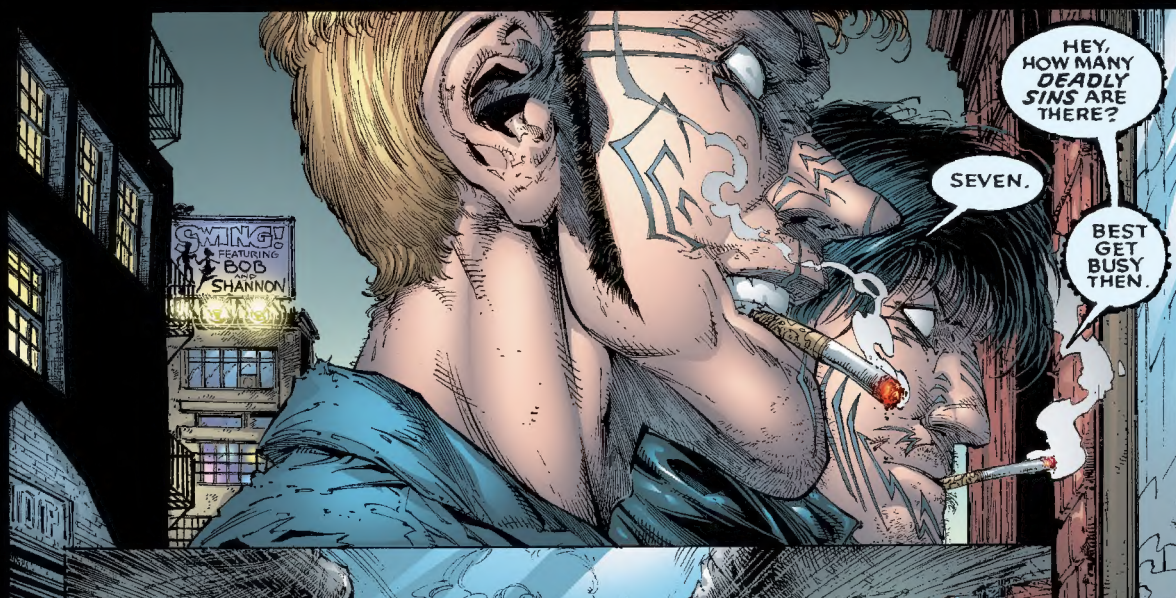
DRAPING
THE
LIFELESS
FORM IN
A LEAFY
SHROUD.



***INCH
BY INCH,
THE
EARTH
RECLAIMS
A FALLEN
WARRIOR.***







HEY,
HOW MANY
DEADLY
SINS ARE
THERE?

SEVEN.

BEST
GET
BUSY
THEN.



WELL,
WELL,
WELL...



IF IT
ISN'T THE **TWO**
JACKASSES
OF THE
APOCALYPSE...

OW!
OW!
OW! OW!
OW!

HEY!
LET GO
OF MY
EAR!

ALL RIGHT,
YOU TWO.
I WANT YOU
TO TELL ME
EVERYTHING...
NOW!



*"The sound of a trumpet
the heavens
Awoke & vast clouds
of blood roll'd
Round the dim rock of
Uvizen..."*

~ WM. BLAKE, 1794.



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE